

"THE GOOD GENIUS that turned every thing into Gold; or, the Queen-Bee and the Magic-Dress. A Christmas Fairy Tale. By the brothers MATTHEW. New York: Harper & Brothers." 18mo., 201 pp., 8 illustrations.

This ingenious and pretty moralized fiction seems the first of a new series which the ever-active publishers have begun, under the title of *Harper's Fire-side Library*. If the further volumes prove as good as this first, the succession will be one which the young may rejoice over, and the future old remember with delight as a part of that childish literature which first woke them up to wonder and sympathy.

As to ourselves, we are glad to see any thing that promises a revival of this, which we take to be the proper child's learning. The present Practical Age (as it is pleased to style itself, amidst all its frivolities and fantasies, at which elder times would only have laughed) is certainly wise enough to reject for the young that which the young naturally delight in, and to prefer the premature cultivation of the reason—attempts after positive knowledge, to the older system of books which sought to engage and please, rather than directly to inform; but we confess ourselves persuaded that Nature herself, the instinctive taste of the young, is much wiser than all the forcing-beds and hot-houses into which the Barbaults and Edgeworths would force the faculties of little folks to be grown under glass. Toy histories, and moral and scientific and theological playthings, have ever appeared to us exceedingly sad inventions for little people; and we doubt more and more every day whether Goody Two-shoes, Mother Goose, the exploits of the puissant Tom Thumb, and the deeds of the doughty Jack the Giant-killer, are not capable of instilling into childhood such as much solid information as all that can be so distastefully driven into it by *Miniature Encyclopedias* or *Philosophies* in Sport.

We are no great believers in the poetic criticism or the prose taste of Dr. Johnson; but there are points on which his powerful sense forms a weighty authority. Among such we remember with pleasure the opinion which he expressed on some occasion when Boswell asked him what he thought of Mrs. Barbauld and her fellow-discoverers, who had just then found out how folks ought to be taught. The essence of the system appeared to the Doctor, we suppose, much as it does to us: the idea that as we are taught, while small, in order that we may know when big, so the true way is to begin where we are to end, and teach, from the jump, exactly what should be known at the close. In other words, as his instruction is to have for its final aim the perfection of the understanding, the sooner you begin with that the better. At Mrs. Barbauld the good Doctor seems only to have laughed as a very shallow person; and as to any thing of improvement in the art of teaching, he (long a teacher himself) expressed a most decided conviction "that education was just as well understood five hundred years ago as it is now." Was he not substantially right? A new process of thinking must be found out before there can be any revolution in the manner of learning *how* to think. To know is but to know; and, as to *teach* is but to *imitate* for others the steps by which the teacher came to know, (shortening the track, of course, by adopting all the straight lines which his arrival at the end has shown the wise man.) so men of clear minds must always have employed essentially the same methods of instructing, simply because they used the same faculties for learning. More or less knowledge may have existed; but what *did* exist must always, as soon as it came to have any completeness, any consistency, any progress from truth to truth, any logic in a word, have pursued the same general method in making itself known to pupils. Nay, what better methods have ever been devised than the Greek of Geometry? We still use, for all investigation and proof, the logic of Xeno and Aristotle: the rhetoric of the Greek speakers and writers still affords us our noblest and purest models. Their politics and their art military achieved every thing which was then possible; we do not write such poems as Homer or Pindar, such histories as Thucydides; we do not speak such harangues as Demosthenes; if, then, we cannot beat the Ancients at those intellectual things which education should enable nations to do more perfectly, how is it that we flatter ourselves that we better understand the art which forms the mind for efforts of genius?

Or, once more: in later times, if the vast and various wit and accomplishments of a Bacon and a Raleigh and a Milton; the science of a Galileo, a Kepler, a Leibnitz, and a Newton; the plastic and the graphic powers of a Michael Angelo and a Raphael; the poetic invention of a Dante, an Ariosto, a Tasso, a Shakespeare, a Racine, a Moliere, could reach, without the new education, heights to which that education has not yet carried any body, what entitles that same education to be considered a miracle-working one?

Perhaps, then, the truth lies here: that the rational education, (as it aims to be,) in directing itself almost exclusively towards the positive, and the cultivation of the powers which take cognizance of the positive, serves to perfect, by rendering exacter and more methodical, the common-place order of minds; but that it deadens the imagination in those who possessed any, and must often break down all the vigor of the understanding itself, by setting it at tasks for which its muscles are not yet formed.

To the rational literature, then, for the tenderest state of the mind, we see strong objections. Practically, we know the order in which the faculties arrive, and that the reason does not come until long after the imagination: the reason, we mean, of course, in that higher form which can deal with scientific truth in earnest. In this sense boys can scarcely be said ever to reason until about their sixteenth, nor girls until about their fourteenth year. Before that they are intellectually beings of little but memory, sensation, emotion, and fancy. These, then, are the things which must first be cultivated; and their exercise—the only one really possible until they have amassed a store of materials for the judgment—constitutes the first true education; that which may be called the *sensuous*.

The first part of this natural education is that which begins with the most infant perceptions of sight, hearing, touch, &c.; and the organs of these are, until we begin to use our limbs, nearly our sole instructors. The subtle processes by which we distinguish shape, bulk, distance, the direction and intensity of sounds, &c.—processes entirely inimitable by art—are first of all slowly attained. The senses once familiar with themselves, the art of using the limbs, an acquaintance with some of the principles of motion, some of the properties of bodies around us, follow. Then comes a delight in the exercise of the senses, which continues until the sense has been educated itself. Meantime the memory of things has been active; and when that can recognise each object, then comes representative memory—that of sounds as the signs for things. Meantime, too, has come the knowledge of things as capable of gratifying a bodily want and giving us pleasure or pain. Then, along with this consciousness of each effects upon ourselves, arises the sense that others receive pleasure or pain in the same way; and thence flow the first moral perceptions.

All this, varying greatly in its degree and somewhat in its period according to the fineness of the senses in each individual, usually happens before the sixth year. Left to herself, we repeat, Nature performs all this exquisite part of the education: she has not chosen that it should depend upon hu-

man art; which has some power to impede or pervert, but none to assist it. Confinement within doors or to the artificial and limited objects of a town, constraint of the limbs and of the circulation by dress, and especially the diversion of the attention, perforce, to faculties which do not yet choose to unfold themselves, and to ideal and abstract things which as yet have no charm for the childish sensibility to absolute perceptions only, may certainly delay Nature's work, and, in delaying, seriously injure; for it is in this tenderness of the organs, this extreme impressibility of the senses which then exists, and exists with the greater effect out of the absence of the maturer faculties not yet called into activity, that the senses and the art of using them, the perceptive and picturesque powers, and the chief part of the sensibilities which make up the emotions and the imagination, must find their best moment for development.

Earlier than the age which we have last named, we doubt if it be ever safe to begin the artificial education, unless a decided curiosity for books should manifest itself. This usually indicates that the perceptive faculties have satisfied themselves, have mastered the exciting objects around the child. But it happens earlier in children much confined than those enjoying every physical advantage of country life: so that there, of course, it would be better to transplant than to teach. It happens earlier, again, under even favorable circumstances, to two opposite sorts of organizations—those in which the senses are correct and quick, and those in which they are imperfect and slow. It is, of course, safe to indulge the inclination in the former sort; while, in the latter, it should only be taken as a warning to seek for them outward circumstances that may rouse their inert organs.

When now, however, you begin to educate, remember that you are barely to *mix* with Nature's method, not to supersede it. For she is far from having yet finished her own peculiar course of instruction, and is only ceasing to be entirely exclusive in it. What, then, is her next step?

As, awhile since, to perfect the action and the command of the senses and of the muscles, came the childish mobility, the childish delight in practising the limbs and the sensations; so now, in the economy of Nature, arrives that impulse of exercise which develops, by a continual desire of fresh images and combinations, the sensitive but not yet intellectual powers (as yet mere elements) which are now shaping themselves in us. It is now the period when the imagination begins to act, with the same pleasure in setting before itself, varying, multiplying, and comparing the perceptions, the emotions, and the ideas, as a short time since the mere body took in trying new motions. For a time, in both alike, the young powers seem to rejoice in themselves, to be gladdened, as birds just fledged, by even an aimless flight. The acquaintance with things is now rising into that with thoughts; the ideal world is now dawning upon the sensitive; and the gay objects of this take a new expansion and a new beauty from that. The real, not yet exhausted of its first charm for the senses, is not yet too definite, too exact, too positive: we still look on it with a sort of vague transport, like that with which we survey, later in life, every thing in the exuberant beauty of some strangely bright region, among the novel forms of which we have suddenly landed. And as there our excited fancy, unconstrained by the known, sports almost at pleasure with even what is seen or heard or felt, or offers itself to the smell or the taste; so this early state of the perceptions, now at their liveliest and yet uncertain, coalesces wonderfully with the new influence of the imagination, and raises around us, for the time, "a world of gayer tinct and grace," where the known and the unknown, the tangible and the unsubstantial, seem almost equally at the bidding of our inexperience. The wild seems not improbable, the preternatural not impossible, and a love of the wonderful is a special inclination of that part of life. In a word, the infant imagination, the leader and the first of those more exursive and independent powers which are properly the intellectual: the imagination, which raises, re-forms, re-combines, animates the merely sensuous, perceptive, and passionate towards the ideal and the abstract, and thus prepares the mind to deal with higher elements, with moral perceptions and notions as well as bodily sensations, now naturally comes to occupy, with an extreme and pleased activity, the young being. Like the faculties which have preceded it, it is still voluntary and instinctive, self-acting, self-tutoring; but, unlike them, it does not forbid assistance—it permits us to aid it with books and other artificial means; and this because, in the midst of art and cultivation, artificial objects and thoughts are, of necessity, a part of those of which it is to take cognizance.

Now, the successive stages by which the mind arrives at its full natural powers are indisputably those which we have thus pointed out; and if, therefore, the imagination be not a faculty bestowed on us by pure mistake—an ethereal blunder in the divinest part of our amazing mechanism—then is it clear that the so-called rational education, which would overleap the development of that faculty, in order to come at once to the cultivation of the reason, is an error the most total, is any thing but rational.

What the senses are to the faculties these are to the judgment; the faculties, that is to say, may be justly called "the senses to the judgment." Omit a sense, you ruin a corresponding faculty: check the due exercise of a sense, and you impair the dependant faculty. In like manner of the imagination: without it—the active, suggestive, inventive power, which calls up each idea as it is wanted and is a sort of mainspring to the whole movement of the mind—the reason could scarcely act. And, indeed, there is a large body of subjects—moral ones; that is, such as deal with the passions, motives, opinions, and the like—on which it is impossible to reason well without a powerful imagination as well as a strong judgment. Nay, it is only the union of these two that makes up the brightest, most consummate shape of human wit—a genius like that of Homer, or of Milton, or of Shakespeare.

But to what end go to work, five, six, seven, eight, or nine years in advance, on the place where the judgment is to be? What are you cultivating there? Nothing: a mere figure—an empty, squeaking, gibbering idol, not your god. The real faculty, that should be there, you have stolen away, as elves did children, and left in its place a vile changeling, a shrivelled little idiot, with no body and an old face, incapable of going alone, neither old nor young, and which you can only call reason, because you have forced it to be a sort of mnemonic mechanism for juggling certain formularies of thought, to which it does not, all the while, attach one single conception that is not utterly childish! You are cultivating, not the reason, but a tiny, irrational memory, which, tricked by yourself in the clothes of old people, you take for that mature thing, the understanding.

Follow Nature, then: consult her order in the formation of the faculties: obey, as the surest indication of what is to be done, the instinctive taste of the child. Force no lessons upon it: let its own voluntary curiosity lead the way; and have, above all things, the modesty to regard yourself as only a learner, under-tutor, to a far wiser teacher—that sage, gentle old dame, who so perfectly understands her business and performs it so silently well. Be not in a hurry to put books into the hands of little creatures who cannot sit still, and whom every thing around them, animate or mute, contends to instruct. In the present print-loving age, more fear of the child's learning to read too soon than too late.

If the household is (as it should be) cultivated, occupied in its conversation with what is instructive, and (to use an old but expressive word) clips

its young ones about with an atmosphere of knowledge, instead of that sordid breath of money-getting thoughts which is generally all that children inhale in countries where the sovereign dollar is ever the presiding idea, then the child will learn more, orally, than books can yet teach it; and will, moreover, in due time, take, of itself, to books and all other regular helps to improvement. But if, on the contrary, books are to be its only source of information—if its fondness for them is to grow up from the duress, the compulsion of parents and elders, who exhibit in their idle habits and empty talk only the example of an opposite taste—all the volumes that you can cram down the little innocent's throat will be vain towards effecting that which is, at this age, the real object of teaching—not the positive information which you can infuse in the mind, but the love of knowledge and the habit of pursuing it.

When at rest from its bodily sports, tales are the natural delight of childhood; and these please, at first, much in proportion to the fears which they inspire. To win the attention, they must (that is to say) excite the imagination. Probability—what critics technically call verisimilitude, (and we adopt the term, that we may propitiate to this long and semi-metaphysical discourse the besetting fondness of our countrymen for polysyllables)—verisimilitude, or what might be styled, in old English, likelihood, we as yet, while children, know very little about; so that we are not critical about the feasibility of incidents, provided only that they be striking. As to the feelings, no great art is necessary to move them: simplicity and truthfulness, a conformity to what children can imagine of wo or wrong, of heroism, virtue, and the like, are all that is requisite in these fictions. But they especially captivate us, if the incidents and characters be partly supernatural—ghostly, magical, or fairy. Of all these, the fairy lore seems to offer, in its tiny "machinery"—its benevolence, grace, sparkling treasures, dwarfish forms, its powerful and yet not dreadful agencies—that which is fitter than all the rest to delight the childish fancy. It possesses singularly, too, the advantage of readily weaving itself into animated apologies, surprising and pleasing, yet moral, and of a moral not too obvious. For too obvious a purpose of instructing, of "pointing a moral," does any thing but "adorn a tale" to the taste of either young or old; and the young, in particular, love to be instructed without your putting on too plain an air of meaning to instruct them.

In confirmation of what we have thus attempted to lay down, we might appeal to multitudes of supernatural and especially of fairy fictions, whose perpetual charm for the very young nothing else, of all that has been composed for their benefit, has ever equalled. We need scarcely enumerate, however, the whole body of the genuine simple old fairy tales, which not merely all who speak our tongue have at their fingers' ends, but which have travelled from climate to climate, from people to people, from age to age, transmitted every where by their power to enchant the un instructed imagination. When will *Puss in Boots*, or *Riquet with the Tuft*, or *Cinderella*, or *Catskin*, or *Beauty and the Beast*, or dozens of others like them, cease to instruct, because they delight the little folks? Or who would give, old or young, *Aladdin's Lamp*, *Sinbad the Sailor*, *The Fisherman and the Genie*, and others of that immortal collection, for all the *Reasonable Story-books*, and particularly all the *Juvenile Philosophies* and *Infant Universal Histories*, that your matter-of-fact men or women ever put into tam, truth or pulling probabilities?

It is time, however, to cease this dissertation, into which we have fallen without in the least intending for it any such extent; and, as some compensation to our readers for whatever we may have tediously said upon our theme, we will conclude with a beautiful argument, much akin to our own, in behalf of fable and its necessity for the human mind. It is from Coleridge's translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*. Quoting from memory, we cannot refer to the scene. Thelkla is there recounting to her aunt and lover a visit which she has by accident made to her father's astrologer; and after her account of him and his mysterious chamber, Max bursts into this fine rhapsody, as to our want, our instinctive desire of the supernatural:

Oh! never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not only
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance:
Since likewise to the stricken heart of Love
This common nature and this visible earth
Are all too narrow. Yea: a deeper import
Lurks in the legends told my childish years
Than lies upon that truth, "We live to learn."
For Fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace:
Delightfully dwell he 'mongst fays and talismans
And spirits, and delightfully believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
Th' intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old Religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had her haunts by dale or piny mountain
Or forest, by slow stream or gushing spring,
Or chasms and watery depths—all these have vanquish'd;
They live no longer in the Faith of Reason!
But still the heart doth need a language; still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names:
And to yon starry heights they now are gone,
Spirits or shapes that used to share this earth.
With map as with their friend; and to the lover,
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shout influence; and, even to this day,
'Tis Jupiter who sends water's great,
And Venus who sends every thing that's fair.

What the Good Genius is, the story itself shuns, very properly, to disclose, until the end; when, every thing of merited good fortune being finally accomplished for him, by her agency, she bids the hero farewell; as thus:

"Silvio, weeping, vowed eternal gratitude. But as he had only known her as the Bee, he begged of her, before leaving him, to tell him to which of the heavenly Spirits he owed all his welfare?"
"I am the Spirit," she replied, "that attends on honest desires."
"But your name—your name?" he exclaimed.
"What! can't you guess it?" she answered.
"Have I brought up gold from the depths of the earth—changed rocks into palaces, forests into fleets—reared cities in the wilderness—laid bare the wondrous mechanism of the universe—and made even the lightning speak; have I raised steeds out of fire and water—triumphed over the adverse seasons—made barren plains wave with corn—and conjured up water from the sandy desert; have I done all this, and yet you cannot guess my name?"

"I cannot," said Silvio: "but still—let me see—you are the beautiful child of Good Fortune."
"No," answered the Spirit: "this shall tell you who I am: listen!"

"When Man had been ordained to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and the Angels, looking down from heaven, saw him suffering from want and pain, they wondered among themselves, and asked of one another, 'How is it that the Compassionate and Merciful hand sent him into the world? Can Evil spring from the source of all good?' It is Satan, and our Father, who hath done this." Then the white-winged Gabriel, the chief of all the heavenly host, rose up and said: "Wonder not that Pain is sent on earth: for he that wills it is as wise as merciful; and had he made man's wants to be as pleasures to him, he would not have sought food, but sat and starved with joy. But he, in his lavish bounty, hath

"We use the word in the sense given it in the poetic art, where it means the preternatural beings introduced into the fable, by being about, by their power, events impossible to ordinary human agency."
"The *Pierre d'Or* which La Fontaine loved so much: still more delightful in Perrault's exquisite and yet naive versions of it, both prose and rhyme.

given not only Pleasure, to lead them to that which is good, but also Pain, to turn them from that which is evil. And, further, so wondrous is his mercy that he hath yoked about unto them two Spirits—the one beautiful, to make them love the labor by which they are to thrive; and the other hateful, to make them loathe the sloth by which they are to starve; and in the train of the second, Want, Sickness, and Grief? And when these Spirits came on earth, men christened the one Industry, and the other Indolence."
"And now, Silvio," she asked, "can you guess who I am?"
"I can!" he cried: "you are the blessed spirit of patient Industry."

A pretty little apology, and useful, our readers will, we think, acknowledge. But others still prettier are occasionally introduced, in the course of the narrative; and here is one particularly good:

"When God had created Man, he ordered his Angels to visit him on earth and guide him in his ways, so that he might forget the bliss of the life to come."

"But lustful Man sought after sensual joys, in preference to those of Heaven, and, growing greedy of worldly fruits, began to quarrel with his brethren for the possession of them; and the Guardian Angels wept among themselves."

"But when the Strong oppressed the Weak and took from them by force the produce of their toil, Justice rose up sorrowing, and, leaving the earth, flew back to heaven."

"And when the Weak overcame the Strong, with falsehood and deceit, and got from them by cunning what they feared to take by force, Truth rose up sorrowing, and, leaving earth, flew back to heaven."

"And when the Injured went forth, to slay their injurers and crimsoned the plain with their brothers' blood, Peace rose up sorrowing, and, leaving earth, flew back to heaven."

"Thus each had cast sacred some good angel from the world, until Forgiveness, the most beautiful of all, alone remained behind."

"And when she heard Anger and Revenge whisper dark deeds into men's ears and counsel them to repeat the wrong that had been done to them, she rose up sorrowing, and said, 'I will not leave the earth.'"

"While my sister Angels were here, I might have rested in my Father's bosom: for Man needed me not. But now that they have fled, I will seek to make him listen to my voice, telling him that, as he cherishes Forgiveness here, so will forgiveness cherish him hereafter."

"So the loveliest child of Heaven remained on earth; and Peace and Love, repenting, flew back, and followed in her train."

Or here is a third, which may please many, with its ingenuity, better than those already given:

"The two elder sons of Time were the fair To-day and the dark To-morrow; and they both loved Virtue's noble daughter, the blue-eyed Duty, each seeking her for his bride. But Duty, won by the energy of To-day, cared not for his younger brother, the dreary To-morrow. So she mated with the first-born, and Virtue, her loving mother, blessed their union. Then To-morrow, moved by envy, went sorrowing to his father, Time; and the gray-beard, folding him in his shadowy arms, drew his ill-gifted boy to his bosom, and thus consoled him: 'Grieve not, my child, that the greater vigor of thy brother hath found more favor than thyself in the eyes of the great maiden, Duty. Grieve not; for I will give unto thee, for thy partner, gay Folly; for whose laughing looks and merry mood have won her countless followers, and whose realm is all the world. And, as a dowry, I decree that twice the third part of that which belongs to Duty and To-day shall henceforth be set apart for Folly and To-morrow.' But when evenhanded Virtue heard the harsh resolve, indignant that what was rightfully her children's should be transferred to others, she ordained that the first-born of Folly and To-morrow should dispossess them of their marriage portion. And when the child was born, they called it *Procrastination*."

So much for the apt minor parables which adorn at intervals the general allegory. This is, of itself, well conducted, and told with that gaiety of tone which makes the proper manner of this kind of fiction. That manner does not here rise, certainly, to the grace and wit of Constantine Hamilton's inimitable *Belshazzar*—the very perfection of elegant allegory; nor does it by any means equal the slighter, but still spirited, mockery of Charles Perrault, that only comes here and there, with a touch. This, on the contrary, is of a playfulness almost too little elevated; but still the conception is the proper one, though not always matched by the execution; and, on the whole, the story is effectively told, and must please the less critical sort for whom it is designed.

It will have been already remarked, by those who love this kind of literature, that the lesson meant to be inculcated by the story much resembles that rather more carefully veiled under the gorgeous inventions of that most captivating of legends, the *Lamp of Aladdin*. In the Persian tale, the magical gift with which the hero lifts himself, from his original poverty and obscurity to greatness and splendor, is knowledge, study, the oil of his lamp: in the *Good Genius*, it is labor.

As to the authorship, we do not know it, even by conjecture. The "Brothers Mayhew" are, we suppose, not a whit more real than that *alias* of Horace and James Smith, the "Brothers Percy." There may even be none but a fictitious fraternity, like that by which we White men are brothers to the Red; or, like that more than brotherhood—that identity, which President Jefferson, in his first inaugural address, declared to exist between Federalists and Republicans; or like that blood-relationship to every thing human which we profess—that *homo sum; humani nil alienum a me puto*, with which we go and shoot down our cousins, the Mexicans. If, however, the author's personality is not to be detected in his composition, at least his country and his politics are rather obvious. He is evidently (from the account which he gives of the Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Silvio's dominion, "the City of the Diamond Waters") a dweller within the Land of Manifest Destinies; he is also not a very vehement admirer of patent philanthropy, nor of Jacksonian Democracy, nor of Polk and Dallas Free Trade. At least, so we infer from the following passage; which, nevertheless, we submit to the judgment of our readers:

"While Silvio had been in the cave, his city had been nearly as badly off as himself; for it had fallen into the hands of the Patriotic and Philanthropic, who—advocating the rights of the abstract Man, and vowing that the institutions of the country should no longer be for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many—had set up the mob-cap of Liberty, declaring that the rights of the few should be equal. And, as there were two things which every man fancies he can do better than another—viz: mix a salad and govern a country—the whole population of the town now sought to have a finger in the national pie, and the city was put under the management of a Convention, composed of benevolent-minded Bakers, fine-spirited Cheesemongers, dreaming Thinkers, and heroic Cooks, overlooking with a benevolent eye the rights of the poor, though loving the love of power a low thing, still were ready to make any sacrifice rather than see their fellow-countrymen crushed beneath the chariot-wheels of a Juggernaut Oligarchy; while meetings were held by the sons in every house, and it was unanimously resolved that each family should be declared a republic, and that the supremacy of fathers should henceforth be numbered among the relics of the past. When the time came for the election of the President of the city, though each of the Patriotic scorned the filthy dross attached to the office, and had an innate hatred of authority, yet there were so many candidates who were ready to sacrifice every thing to become the humble instrument of benefiting their fellow-creatures, that the fraternal love which was to reign throughout the city began to change into the cat-and-dog contentions of party. The election of the President, therefore, was chosen Prime Brother of the Happy Family, his first act of Philanthropy was to take the duties of all articles connected with tailoring, and make up for the deficiency in the revenue by laying imposts upon the commodities of all other trades; ten the care, at the same time, to show that he had not forgotten deep attention to bread. But his stout and unfeeling community, and the benevolent-minded Baker was soon elected Prime Brother in his stead. His first step was to turn his mind to a more equitable arrangement of the tariff, and to force that, in a short time, there must be a famine in the way to relieve his fellow-creatures from the bread of the bread-lover, and to lay a heavy duty in its stead on various commodities connected with tailoring. Still the Happy Family were far from content with the philanthropic dominion of the benevolent-minded Baker; so they sought another, and another, until at last they had a new 'Prime Brother' per week, and soon found that they had jumped out of the frying-pan of Monarchy into the fire of the Republicanism."

"In this state of things, however, entered the city preaching the return of King Silvio to the capital, and the people, glad to be freed from the tyranny of (such) Liberty, instantly proceeded to welcome the monarch back, with every sign of public rejoicing."

COMMUNICATION.

COMMERCE OF THE PACIFIC.

A late Report of a Committee of the House of Representatives of the United States presents some interesting views on the commerce of Asia, which our readers will no doubt be gratified to peruse, in connexion with the great subject of opening an overland communication with the Pacific. The first extract we shall make gives Senator BAYRON'S views of this commerce:

"Spices, aromatics, precious stones, porcelains, silks, and tea are the articles of Asiatic commerce. Silver and gold are the articles with which they are purchased. From the earliest ages of the world the precious metals have flowed into Asia; and this drain, which has been incessant for several thousand years, has become still more enormous in latter times. The Americans alone have carried twelve millions to eastern Asia within the last year, eight millions of which were carried to Canton and exchanged for tea, silk, porcelain, and other articles with which the people of Europe are supplied. The accumulation of the precious metals in eastern Asia, and the carrying there remains, there being nothing in the commercial or political relations of the countries to create a counter current, and bring it back into Europe or America. To stop this drain and substitute for it a trade in barter would be an object of the first interest with any country, especially with the United States, which have no mines to supply a drain so incessant and so great as that of the precious metals. A trade which would draw back a part of the gold and silver which has accumulated in Asia, would be a commercial operation which no nation has yet accomplished, and which would open a vein of unrivalled richness. Both of these operations are practicable, not by the Europeans, who have nothing which they can substitute for silver; or by the Americans, while they follow the track of the precious metals into Europe. There are articles for which the Asiatics would not only give their productions of their country, but freely exchange their gold and silver, if brought into their market by any nation. These articles are *furs and bread*. Of the former Europe has none to send; of the latter but little; and she had any to spare, her geographical position, the vast distance which intervenes, would prevent her exporting them in any considerable quantities. Abundant in both these articles: the first has been blindly doled to our enemies; the second has not been carried to Asia, because the Americans severally follow the track of the Europeans, and are still more remote than they from the seat of commerce. The American navigator sails to the east, traverses thirty thousand miles of sea, doubles a Cape, and then arrives at the seat of commerce. The European, on the contrary, is called the East Indies. In the mean time, the Asiatics, who lie to the west of us, and but a few days' sail from our own coast. The western shore of North America and the eastern shore of Asia form each other—the mild and tranquil waves of the Pacific ocean alone intervene; in the broadest part as narrow as the Atlantic, and in the narrowest, at Behring's Straits, only thirty miles apart. Instead of the long and tedious voyage of the Europeans to the west, to arrive in Asia, and taking that route, they would immediately be able to carry furs and bread into the markets of Asia, the first of which is now pillaged from them by Englishmen and Russians; the latter would have to be raised from the fertile banks of the Columbia river."

"The love child of Heaven remained on earth; and Peace and Love, repenting, flew back, and followed in her train."

Or here is a third, which may please many, with its ingenuity, better than those already given:

"The two elder sons of Time were the fair To-day and the dark To-morrow; and they both loved Virtue's noble daughter, the blue-eyed Duty, each seeking her for his bride. But Duty, won by the energy of To-day, cared not for his younger brother, the dreary To-morrow. So she mated with the first-born, and Virtue, her loving mother, blessed their union. Then To-morrow, moved by envy, went sorrowing to his father, Time; and the gray-beard, folding him in his shadowy arms, drew his ill-gifted boy to his bosom, and thus consoled him: 'Grieve not, my child, that the greater vigor of thy brother hath found more favor than thyself in the eyes of the great maiden, Duty. Grieve not; for I will give unto thee, for thy partner, gay Folly; for whose laughing looks and merry mood have won her countless followers, and whose realm is all the world. And, as a dowry, I decree that twice the third part of that which belongs to Duty and To-day shall henceforth be set apart for Folly and To-morrow.' But when evenhanded Virtue heard the harsh resolve, indignant that what was rightfully her children's should be transferred to others, she ordained that the first-born of Folly and To-morrow should dispossess them of their marriage portion. And when the child was born, they called it *Procrastination*."

So much for the apt minor parables which adorn at intervals the general allegory. This is, of itself, well conducted, and told with that gaiety of tone which makes the proper manner of this kind of fiction. That manner does not here rise, certainly, to the grace and wit of Constantine Hamilton's inimitable *Belshazzar*—the very perfection of elegant allegory; nor does it by any means equal the slighter, but still spirited, mockery of Charles Perrault, that only comes here and there, with a touch. This, on the contrary, is of a playfulness almost too little elevated; but still the conception is the proper one, though not always matched by the execution; and, on the whole, the story is effectively told, and must please the less critical sort for whom it is designed.

It will have been already remarked, by those who love this kind of literature, that the lesson meant to be inculcated by the story much resembles that rather more carefully veiled under the gorgeous inventions of that most captivating of legends, the *Lamp of Aladdin*. In the Persian tale, the magical gift with which the hero lifts himself, from his original poverty and obscurity to greatness and splendor, is knowledge, study, the oil of his lamp: in the *Good Genius*, it is labor.

As to the authorship, we do not know it, even by conjecture. The "Brothers Mayhew" are, we suppose, not a whit more real than that *alias* of Horace and James Smith, the "Brothers Percy." There may even be none but a fictitious fraternity, like that by which we White men are brothers to the Red; or, like that more than brotherhood—that identity, which President Jefferson, in his first inaugural address, declared to exist between Federalists and Republicans; or like that blood-relationship to every thing human which we profess—that *homo sum; humani nil alienum a me puto*, with which we go and shoot down our cousins, the Mexicans. If, however, the author's personality is not to be detected in his composition, at least his country and his politics are rather obvious. He is evidently (from the account which he gives of the Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Silvio's dominion, "the City of the Diamond Waters") a dweller within the Land of Manifest Destinies; he is also not a very vehement admirer of patent philanthropy, nor of Jacksonian Democracy, nor of Polk and Dallas Free Trade. At least, so we infer from the following passage; which, nevertheless, we submit to the judgment of our readers:

"While Silvio had been in the cave, his city had been nearly as badly off as himself; for it had fallen into the hands of the Patriotic and Philanthropic, who—advocating the rights of the abstract Man, and vowing that the institutions of the country should no longer be for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many—had set up the mob-cap of Liberty, declaring that the rights of the few should be equal. And, as there were two things which every man fancies he can do better than another—viz: mix a salad and govern a country—the whole population of the town now sought to have a finger in the national pie, and the city was put under the management of a Convention, composed of benevolent-minded Bakers, fine-spirited Cheesemongers, dreaming Thinkers, and heroic Cooks, overlooking with a benevolent eye the rights of the poor, though loving the love of power a low thing, still were ready to make any sacrifice rather than see their fellow-countrymen crushed beneath the chariot-wheels of a Juggernaut Oligarchy; while meetings were held by the sons in every house, and it was unanimously resolved that each family should be declared a republic, and that the supremacy of fathers should henceforth be numbered among the relics of the past. When the time came for the election of the President of the city, though each of the Patriotic scorned the filthy dross attached to the office, and had an innate hatred of authority, yet there were so many candidates who were ready to sacrifice every thing to become the humble instrument of benefiting their fellow-creatures, that the fraternal love which was to reign throughout the city began to change into the cat-and-dog contentions of party. The election of the President, therefore, was chosen Prime Brother of the Happy Family, his first act of Philanthropy was to take the duties of all articles connected with tailoring, and make up for the deficiency in the revenue by laying imposts upon the commodities of all other trades; ten the care, at the same time, to show that he had not forgotten deep attention to bread. But his stout and unfeeling community, and the benevolent-minded Baker was soon elected Prime Brother in his stead. His first step was to turn his mind to a more equitable arrangement of the tariff, and to force that, in a short time, there must be a famine in the way to relieve his fellow-creatures from the bread of the bread-lover, and to lay a heavy duty in its stead on various commodities connected with tailoring. Still the Happy Family were far from content with the philanthropic dominion of the benevolent-minded Baker; so they sought another, and another, until at last they had a new 'Prime Brother' per week, and soon found that they had jumped out of the frying-pan of Monarchy into the fire of the Republicanism."

"In this state of things, however, entered the city preaching the return of King Silvio to the capital, and the people, glad to be freed from the tyranny of (such) Liberty, instantly proceeded to welcome the monarch back, with every sign of public rejoicing."

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